

DISLIKE SMELL OF KEROSENE.

Cats Particularly Will Not Stay Where Oil Is Used.

"I never knew until this winter," said the superintendent of a dog and cat hospital, "how thoroughly most animals detect the smell of kerosene. Several times the steam heating apparatus in this place went on a strike and we tried to raise the temperature by means of an oil stove. The smell of the oil produced a regular mutiny among the animals. Cats are particularly sensitive to the odor of kerosene. Next door to my house is a stationery store which has been heated all winter long with an oil stove. In the beginning of the season the proprietor owned a fine cat that seemed well satisfied with his comfortable quarters. No sooner, however, was that stove lighted than the cat deserted the stationer and sought a home for the winter in a steam heated flat further down the street. He comes back once in a while on a visit, but the smell of the oil prevents his becoming a regular inhabitant of the store."

HAD REACHED THE LIMIT.

Could Not Afford to Take Gloves and Give Tip Required.

Mrs. Potter Palmer while entertaining the National Civic Federation told an amusing story about country house tipping.

"You know," she said, "how huge these tips are, how many servants must be remembered, how, indeed, some people are obliged to refuse to visit large country houses because they can't afford the expense. Well, there is a story in this line about the famous Jonas Hanway. As Hanway was leaving the country house of a duke a string of servants waylaid him.

"Sir," said one, "your overcoat." And Hanway put on the overcoat and gave the man a sovereign.

"Your umbrella, sir," said another. And taking the umbrella Hanway surrendered another sovereign.

"Your hat, sir." Another sovereign.

"Sir, your gloves."

"Why, friend," says Hanway, "you may keep the gloves. They are not worth a sovereign."

Anent the Billiard Cue.

Concerning the billiard cue and the old-fashioned "billiard mace," or "billiard mast," as Cowper wrote the word, it may be noted that the original French term for the instrument of the game was "Masse" or "billiard." "Queue," according to Littré, was at first the name of the tapering "tail" or striking end of the less clumsy stick that subsequently rose into favor, and eventually came to mean that stick itself. "Queue," in the sense of the tail of a wig, used sometimes to be written "cue" in English, but we reserve the French spelling now for this and for the tail people at a theater door, giving the English to the billiard stick and to the actor's "cue"—if that also represents "tail," the tail of the preceding speech. But, as the actor's cue used to be written "q" or "qu," it has been thought to represent the Latin "quando" (when).

Needed the Noise.

A man who had lived 18 years on a corner in Kansas City where two double tracks of street car lines cross sold his property a few months ago. He was advancing in years and thought he needed a home away from the rumble, clatter and clang of the cars. A week after he had moved he met a friend. He told his friend he thought his health was falling rapidly. He did not know what was the cause, but he had not been able to sleep since he had moved.

"Get back to the trolley line," was his friend's advice. He took it.

"Never slept better in my life than I do now. I needed the noise," he said a few days later.

Reducing a Baritone.

Oscar Hammerstein has engaged Sig. Ancona, his stout little baritone, on a singular condition, according to the New York Sun. "He's got to get five inches at least off his waist measure," Oscar said, "before I ratify the contract. He's too fat to look any part but Falstaff and if he comes back here next winter without having taken off that extra girth there'll be nothing doing so far as the Manhattan Opera house is concerned. That's one of the definite conditions in his contract. Dalmores goes to a gymnasium every day, and there is no reason why they should not all do that when they're too fat."

The First Offense.

Tommy (who has been punished)—Mamma, did your mamma whip you when you were little?

Mother—Yes, when I was naughty.

Tommy—And did her mamma whip her when she was little?

Mother—Yes, Tommy.

Tommy—And was she whipped when she was little?

Mother—Yes.

Tommy—Well, who started it, any way?—Lippincott's Magazine.

Studying Greek for a Purpose.

"Does your son study Greek in college?"

"Oh, yes. He's very enthusiastic over it."

"I thought he didn't care for languages?"

"He doesn't as a rule, but next year the football team is to have Greek signals and Harry is trying for the seven."

PAPER-HANGING WITH TACKS.

Pretty Hard to Stump the Right Kind of American Boy.

When Wilbur Nesbit, author of "The Gentleman Ragman," was a boy he lived in a small town in Ohio, and he and his brother one summer concluded that they would establish themselves in business as paper-hangers. The lads were well liked and had plenty of work.

One week they were given the contract to paper the ceiling of a store-room. The ceiling had never been given a "white coat" of plaster, but was smooth-coated with the brown mortar. The boys found that the paper would not adhere to the brown mortar because the sand in it pulled off and let the paper fall. The owner of the storeroom had a hardware store a few doors down the street. Wilbur sauntered into the hardware store and bought ten boxes of black-headed tacks, then strolled back to the place where his brother was contemplating the bothersome ceiling. A consultation was held in undertones, the doors and windows on the street were soon obscured by shades, and the boys resumed work.

That evening the paper was on the ceiling, and pretty paper it was, too. In the design were innumerable dark spots, forming the stems of gorgeous flowers.

When the hardware man paid the boys for the work, he said:

"But what the dickens did you do with all those tacks?"

First stowing the money away in his pocket, Wilbur exclaimed:

"Oh, we just tacked the paper on the ceiling with them!"—Library Gossip.

RELIC OF CLIFF DWELLERS.

Remarkable Slab of Rock Found in New Mexican Canon.

It is a curious fact and one much commented upon by archeologists that the pictographs so common in the cliff and cave dwelling regions of New Mexico are almost wholly absent from the ruins of the Mesa Verde, in southwestern Colorado.

In one room of the cliff palace are found some straight line markings but there is nothing imitative of animals, birds or reptiles in this, the balcony or spruce tree house.

Recently, however, there was found in the Montezuma valley, about a mile and three-quarters southeast of Cortez, on the slope of a bench which rises from the McElmo canon bottom, a slab of rock about six feet long by four and one-half feet high, on which there are deep carvings similar to the markings on the Puye and San Cristobal ruins of New Mexico.

This detached slab was lying on an incline and had apparently split off from a larger rock some distance above it. There are no similar rocks near where this was found, but in one place about 200 yards away there are a few characters cut in a rock. It required four horses to remove this stone record from its abiding place to the yard in the rear of the Montezuma county courthouse, where it now reposes.

Teakettles That Sing.

The Japanese, who know so well how to add little unexpected attractions to everyday life, manufacture, in great variety of forms, iron teakettles which break into song when the water boils, says the Youths' Companion. The song may not be very perfect melody, but it perhaps as agreeable as the notes produced by some of the insects which the Japanese also treasure for their music. The harmonious sounds of the teakettles are produced by steam bubbles escaping from beneath thin sheets of iron fastened close together nearly at the bottom of the kettles. To produce the best effects some skill is required in regulating the fire. The character of the sounds varies with the form of the kettle. These singing kettles have been used for many centuries.

How Soldiers Reduce.

Soldiers have an easy way of keeping their figures supple and trim. The officer who finds his waist growing greater than his chest, thus destroying the symmetry of his uniform, eats for a little while nothing but lean meat, and drinks nothing but hot water. Thus he loses two pounds or so a day. He keeps this diet up till he has sufficiently diminished himself—a matter, as a rule, of but three or four days' abstinence—and then he returns to his usual food again.

Many army officers of a corpulent inclination manage, by confining themselves to lean meat for three days in the month, to keep their figures perfect.

Unfortunate Pantomimist.

Many stories are told of misadventures in pantomimes, which, however amusing to the onlookers, are no laughing matter for the unfortunate actors. On one occasion Mr. Poluski was taking the part of clown in a Liverpool theater. In jumping from the roof of a house the stage gave way and he fell a distance of 40 feet—luckily into a heap of sawdust. What hurt him more than the fall was the fact that, instead of receiving sympathy, he was actually fined for the damage done to the stage.

Too Late.

Mamma—That little Ivan swears most dreadfully. I won't let you play with him any more.

Little Basil—All right, mamma; he's taught me all he knows anyway.—Strana.

The Unfaithful Servant.

Thomas Jefferson never spoke a truer word than that the art of government consists in being honest. If one gives a little thought to the subject he will be surprised to discover that nearly all failures in government can be traced to dishonesty of one kind or another. Either the politicians seeking office have not been honest with the people in appealing for votes, or the men in office have sought their personal profit rather than the general good. The recent indictments of public officers in different parts of the country have called renewed attention to the evils that follow betrayal of trust. Men have used their official influence for their private gain. They have regarded the power put in their hands not as a trust to be administered for the good of all, but as an opportunity to enrich themselves, or to advance their political fortunes at the expense of the public. This sort of conduct is what John C. Calhoun once called an attack on the "very essence of a free government." One of the gravest evils of the present time lies in the general glorification of financial success. There are many who admire the "smart" man who carries through what he undertakes, and they do not care whether his methods are honorable or not. The man who enters upon office poor and leaves it rich is envied by these persons. They applaud his ability, and forget the moral shipwreck that he has made of his life. They forget that in the long run a man reaps what he sows; that unfaithfulness in early life means contempt in old age. What more pathetic and moving sight is there than a gray head, once honored, bowed in disgrace over the disclosure of a life of indifference to the finer moral standards? The great mass of the people are honest, says Youth's Companion; they abhor fraud and deceit; but they have great patience with the vagaries of any public servant in whose honesty of purpose they have confidence. The unfaithful servant may prosper for a while, but the day of reckoning surely comes.

Poland's Pitiabie Condition.

The situation of Poland to-day is pitiable. Business in Warsaw has fallen off 50 per cent. and more; the fashionable boulevards are partly deserted; the restaurants are but half filled, and the leading hotel is running at a loss. The city swarms with troops, but martial law brings only oppression, not security. Hardly a day passes but officials are killed or wounded by the terrorists, while suspected persons are arrested, clubbed or shot to death by the authorities. The terrorists are strong enough to defy the government, while the government is strong enough to crush a general revolt, and the result is anarchy. When it will end no one can tell. But some day, says G. H. Blakeslee in the Outlook, peace will surely come, for Poland is to have autonomy. The Poles demand it. The great majority of the Russian Duma has promised it, and Russian liberalism must eventually win.

Few Americans received more notable marks of respect during their lifetime than John Hay received during his, and none has ever been the subject of a more interesting or more unusual honor after death than that which has just been paid to his memory in Philadelphia. In the presence of Secretary Root, Mr. Hay's successor, the congregation of Keneseth Israel dedicated the new stained-glass window in its synagogue, placed there in memory of Mr. Hay. No other instance is known in which a Gentle has been thus honored in a Jewish synagogue; but Mr. Hay's services on behalf of the Jews at Kishinef, Russia, and his efforts to prevent discrimination against Jews in this country, endeared him to the whole race. The memorial window is an expression of their love and gratitude.

A recent fight with brigands in Chalcid resulted in the death of a soldier. The brigands sent \$2,500 to his widow. Bushrangers who held up a favorite Austrian official discovered later the identity of their victim. They returned his horse, with his wallet tied about his neck, and his money and watch inside. Even the Chinese pirates have some honor, a consul reports, and will pay for the hire of vessels which they have commandeered for their expeditions.

Stamford, Conn., ministers have entered into an agreement to refuse in future "to marry persons both of whom are strangers." Out here it has always been the custom among preachers and others possessing the right to perform the marriage ceremony to insist that the "contracting parties" must at least have been introduced to each other before the beginning of the sacred rites.

The Irish farmer still clings to the cultivation of the potato, "and," sorrowfully remarks an Irish writer, "he will doubtless continue to grow it long after it has caused his death by starvation."

Maybe those 10,000 Japanese fighters reported to be in Hawaii are only jiu jitsu teachers.

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Mauled by Lions and Leopards.

Now and then a man is brought into camp having been mauled by a savage lion or leopard, which cases never fail to excite interest.

A man named Kelly is now in with his left arm and head badly mauled by a leopard. Another man, Van de Riet, has just arrived from the north with an arm badly maimed by a leopard. Being too far away to get medical aid, he healed his arm by applying hot meal poultices.

Mr. Thornton, who had a big lion enter his but some months ago, and who had both hands fearfully mangled by the brute before his boy could shoot it, has returned to his farm.—Bykers' BHI correspondence Bulawayo Chronicle.

Such Is Fame.

A policeman who witnessed a motor accident in Paris, in which Mme Rejane's chauffeur was implicated, had gravely noted down the following:

"In the automobile was a lady, Reju or Rejane, who says she is an actress."

Obviously, this Parisian policeman did not feel quite convinced that "Reju or Rejane" really was an actress, even although she did say so.—Gentlewoman.

A Lesser Evil.

Messenger—Your wife has eloped with your chauffeur.

Husband—Thank fortune! Now I won't have to break it to her that the cook has left.—Harper's Weekly.

The Commonest of All.

"Every man hugs some delusion." "Yes, especially if it wears petticoats."

Constant Reminder.

Mrs. Kawler—Don't you get lonesome when your husband has to go away on one of his long trips?

Mrs. Crossway—Y-yes, but it always seems as if he were here. I can smell his cigars all over the house.

Turns Against Woman Suffrage.

H. G. Turner, the "literary banker" of Melbourne, Australia, has publicly proclaimed his apostasy from the cause of female suffrage. He advocated it for many years on the ground of equal rights for adults of both sexes; but now that it has become an accomplished fact in Australia he is grievously disappointed. What he saw and heard during the recent commonwealth general election revolutionized his views on the subject. He draws a terrible picture of the effect of female suffrage in the constituency in which he lives. According to Mr. Turner, "in this electorate evil has been wrought that it will take years to eradicate. Dissension and disintegration have fallen upon the domestic circle. Lifelong friendships have been withered and an attitude of defiance has replaced that affectionate trustfulness which is woman's chief charm."

Horror of the Staircase.

A Dublin landlord said: "It often happens that when peasant girls come into pur service, directly from the wretched hovels in which they have been reared, in a wild part of the country, they are surprised and perplexed by all they see. The commonest things to us are new and astonishing to their simple gaze. As the dwellings of the Irish poor are never more than one story high, what excites their perplexity, and often their fears more than anything else is, of course, a staircase. I have actually seen these girls creeping up and down stairs on all fours in the utmost terror. One remained in the attic all day before she could summon courage to encounter the apparent horrors of coming down, and she at last came down backward, as if descending a ladder. They get accustomed to an elevator before they do to the stairs."

Eclipsed.

The only daughter of the multimillionaire was green with envy when she gazed upon the startling millinery of her rival.

"The idea!" she exclaimed, wrathfully. "Just to be bizarre she has had her hat trimmed with silver pheasants!"

Then after a pause: "But I shall eclipse her yet. Just wait."

And going to the telephone, she ordered her milliner to decorate the most exquisite Paris creation with cold eagles.

What She Was Doing.

One day a neighbor borrowed our hatchet. Our little five-year-old boy kept wondering what she wanted with her hatchet. Presently he came running in and exclaimed, "Mamma, I saw what Mrs. Smith wanted with her hatchet. She is down in the cellar hatching kindling with it."

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Briquet's Influence on Manners.

"The women of my acquaintance," writes Josephine Daskam Bacon in the American Magazine, "are more considerate in their manner to their servants than to their relatives and friends, and for the best of reasons—they are more likely to lose the first-mentioned through inadvertence than the last, and it is practically of far more importance to consult their idiosyncrasies."

New Name for It.

"That girl has made a scientific study of sentimental anatomy." "What on earth do you mean?" "Doesn't she take pride in her skill for making a man lose his head, take his hand, and then break his heart?"